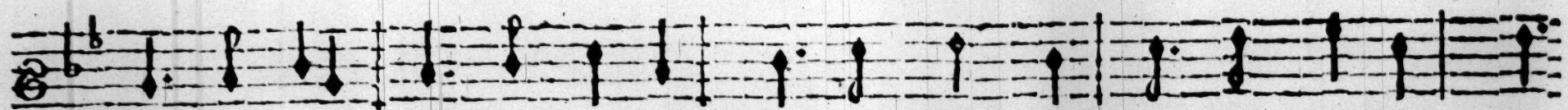
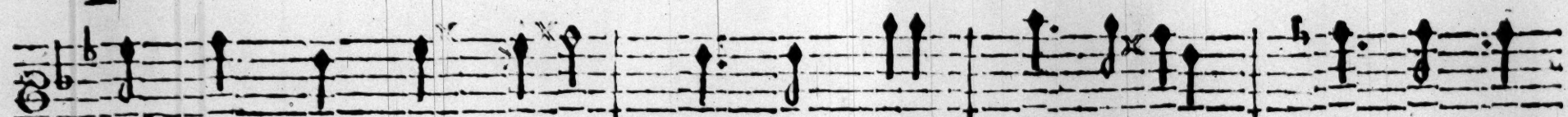


Love and Jealousie :

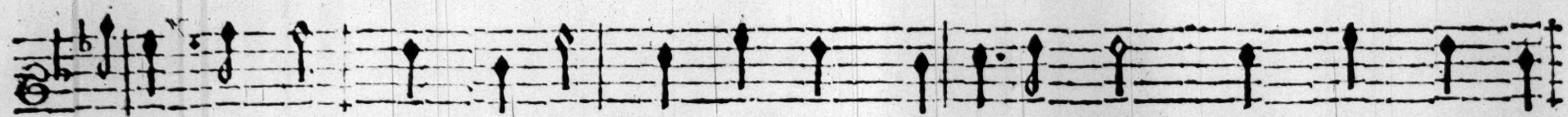
A Song in the ^{O R,} *Duke of GUIES.*



Tell me *Thirs*s, tell your anguish, why you sigh, and why you languish; when



the Nymph whom you adore, Grants the blessing of possessing, what can Love



and I do more? Love and I, what can Love and I do more? what can Love and



I do more? Think 'tis Love beyond all measure, makes me faint away with



pleasure, strength of Cordials may destroy, and the blessing of possessing, kills



me with excess of joy. *Thirs*s how can I believe you, but confess and I'll forgive



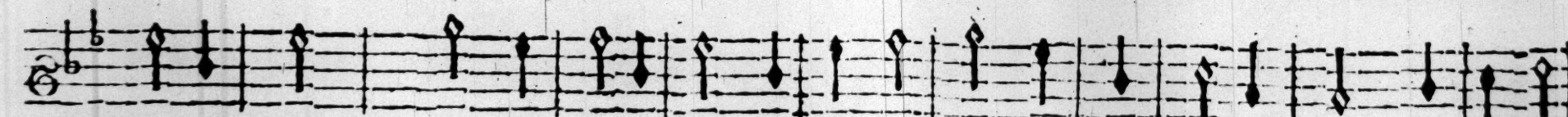
you; Men are false and so are you, never Nature fram'd a Creature, to enjoy and



yet be true. *Thirs*s how can I believe you, but confess and I'll forgive you; Men



are false and so are you; never Nature fram'd a creature, to enjoy and yet be true.



Mine's a flame beyond expiring, still possessing, still desiring, fit for Loves Imperial



Crown; ever shining, and refining, still the more 'tis melted down.

Printed for P. Brockby, at the Golden-Ball, near the Hospital-gate, in West-Smithfield: 1683.